

I used to be straight (Now say goodbi) by Vikingar

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Billiam not being a dick, Bisexual Billy Hargrove, Bisexual Steve Harrington, M/M, Steve likes to swear, Swearing, aaalso, additional tags heeere we go, because I'm always a slut for bisexuals being together, but like he does it mentally in this, mmhh idk, this fucking sucks and i know it

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Summary:

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Author's Note:

lmfao i dont even care at this point. this simply started out as an ask on tumblr and like?? developed into this?? what the funk.

bea i hope u slightly like this, and if u dont, whatever *shrug emoji*

Steve is attracted to Billy. Like, a lot. He's been for some time now, even after the violent fight that got him bleeding unconscious at the Byers' house. And he doesn't fucking understand why he doesn't feel threatened by that asshole as a normal person would be; he's drawn to him instead.

The thing is, Billy had stopped picking on Steve and the kids after Max almost crushed his dick with that spiked bat. Maybe that managed to put some sense into his head.

The asshole. He wasn't even talking to him anymore! At first, his mute presence wasn't even that bad, was just one of those silent classmates who he never talked to. Billy not bothering him anymore with his bullshit was one of the best sensations ever. Or so he thought. Turns out that's not what Steve wanted either.

Billy was straight up ignoring him. No more slight teasing or cold stares across the parking lot. He had even stopped doing that thing with his tongue! *Flicking his tongue out and passing it on his bottom lip, multiple times.* What the fucking fuck.

It comes a day, *that* day, when you can't tolerate a thing anymore and decide to do something reckless. It's not like Steve can simply push away the physical instinct that grew in his guts since their last, real encounter as he did until now. So what does Steve Harrington – convinced straight until a few months before, and now proved otherwise – decide to do? Fucking corner Billy Hargrove in an isolated place of the school after the lessons. Damn right. Now what?

Billy did not even flinch at that. It's like he was enjoying himself, wondering what Steve got in mind, probably. That's why he had a

smug face. And at that Steve wanted to knock him off and then drag him up for his collar and have an hard make-out session with him... *Steve can you calm down? You're not there, yet.*

Steve looked around, just to make sure they were really alone – no, actually to waste some time and gather his thoughts, unsuccessfully. Billy is waiting patiently, wanting to give him some chance. Then Steve quickly leans onto him and abruptly kisses him. Billy didn't even expect it, because it is so sudden, even for Steve. He pushes him against the wall behind and Billy doesn't even try to resist, *doesn't want to?*

About one second later Steve kissed him, they're making out for real. He doesn't even hesitate for a moment and goes straight for Billy's tongue. Fucking finally. It's been forever since he wanted to know how it tasted, if it was rough and if it moved painfully slow when Billy kissed – and holy shit, it did! That was a whole different thing, though. It wasn't only Steve who lead their tongue together, entangled them, made them hurt, as he used to do with girls; no they were almost *fighting*. Yes, *two kings fighting for the throne*. Both trying to dominate. But Billy was making him feel sloppy, at some point. Shit, he *was* good.

Steve thinks this is the edgiest thing he's ever done in his life: not setting on fire a demogorgon with a bunch of thirteen-year-olds , but kissing a man. Because it wasn't socially acceptable, apparently. Whatever. Kissing boys was as good as kissing girls, Steve told himself, so screw that.

Billy is the first one who parts to breathe, leaning away from Steve and looking at him up and down.

“Dude” Billy smirks devilishly “the fuck was that?” asks then, his smile still there to confuse Steve even more. And Steve doesn't know what to say. He's torn apart, in all honesty.

“What do you think *that* was?” Shit. Okay, no. That's not what he wanted to say. That's so much far from what he wanted to say, actually. “Wait, no. That's not what I meant. Fuck, don't say anything.” He sighs in frustration, clenching his jaw. He brings his hands on his waist, as he's used to do when he's nervous.

“Am not” Billy says, crossing his arms “so take your fucking time to explain me.” His smile has faltered, but just a bit.

“I don’t know why, and I’m trying to understand how it is possible, but... I found out that there’s a high chance that I like girls and... Girls and boys.” *Jesus Christ*, fuck if that wasn’t difficult.

Steve didn’t feel bad for what his body told him, and for following it. He wasn’t crazy. He knew people can be different in so many ways. And this was so different too, but not wrong. Never wrong. He kept wondering if he was the only one that felt that way. Was there a name for it?

He was just surprised. He wasn’t expecting it. At all.

The other thing he didn’t expect was how Billy – that motherfucker – kissed him back, making Steve seeing stars. Making him shiver like a virgin. That was one hell of a wet dream, but how was it even possible?

He’s feeling so overwhelmed right now. He’s confused and disappointed. Has he been always this way? And the only person that’d made him find out happened to be Billy Hargrove? *Well, shit.*

“Oh, Harrington” Billy begins, and starts smirking again “that’s called *bisexuality*. You’re *bisexual*, Steve. Like me” his grin widens even more “Congratulations.”